

Miscellaneous.

COMMITTEE ON CHURCH RECORDS.

BY REV. J. W. ADAMS.

I will venture a few thoughts on this dry but very practical subject.

In the economy of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the "committee on church records" is created by, and is amenable to, the quarterly conference, to which he should report annually, or oftener if desired. The church records embrace, at least, the church register kept by the pastor, and the quarterly conference records kept by the recording steward. We look to these records for a connected history, from quarter to quarter and from year to year, of the chief interests of the local churches. The committee should be prepared at any time, and especially at the fourth quarterly conference, to furnish an intelligent answer to the question, "Are the church records properly kept?" With an accumulation of history and the growing disposition to observe anniversary occasions, the value of neat, full and accurate records, in suitable books, is being appreciated more and more. If the pastors and recording stewards have given careful attention to these matters, the report of the committee will furnish the deserved compliment. If they have not discharged these duties properly, it ought to be known, so that the evils resulting therefrom may not be perpetuated.

The duties of this committee, being unrestricted, are supposed to apply to the size and quality of the book, the neatness and plainness of the penmanship, and the phraseology, fullness, and general fidelity of the record. Let me suggest some of the defects that some of these committees will be likely to discover, and which it is hoped their reports may tend to remedy: Books so small as to be easily lost, and which are an advertisement of the parsimoniousness and a prophecy of the collapse of the institution. On the pastor's register the list of official members may be incomplete. The probationers' list may be too full or too meagre. Probationers' baptisms may not be recorded; the date of their reception on trial and advancement to full connection may not be noted. The list of members in full connection may not show when they were received, nor whether they came into the church from probation or by letter. A note of those whose names have been changed by marriage may be omitted, and there may be nothing to show the time, or even the fact that some have been removed by letter or have died. The negligent pastor may be followed by one who covets for other purposes the time required to ascertain the omitted facts; and as to the deceased, he may conclude that some of them are non-resident members who may report in due time. But we have too many names on our lists who will never report till the morning of the resurrection. Crossing out, by a broad stroke of the pen, names transferred to another list, instead of using an appropriate check and note, is a needless blot, and may involve the future historian in perplexity. These, and many other faults, will be suggested to those who have had interest and experience in such matters.

The recording steward's books are liable to reveal quite as many blunders. I once met with a book that contained quarterly conference records, official board records, steward's records and trustees' records entered so indiscriminately and with such indefinite headings that the pastor was utterly unable to classify the reports and remedy the confusion. This is not an isolated case. Each organization should have its own book. There is often a neglect to collect the minutes of the temporary secretary; and when they are collected there is often so long a delay in copying them that they are either not in condition for reference, or are lost altogether by the recording steward himself.

Sometimes the pastor's report—which contains the most important substance of the quarterly history—and the trustees' report are merely filed, and fail to appear on the records altogether. Such carelessness is inexcusable. I might indicate other faults in the keeping of quarterly conference records. Some of our churches have no copies of the deeds of their property, and cannot find the original. Blundering and slackness in these directions are liable to break many a link in our church histories, and even to involve us in pecuniary loss. Such indifference betrays a low estimate of sacred associations and trusts. If the recording steward gave as little attention to the duties of his office as some recording stewards do, he would be of but very little service in the day of judgment. While I held the office of Conference

secretary, I was frequently applied to by pastors (who were inspired by the worthy ambition to write up the histories of their churches) to furnish items relating thereto, which the Conference archives might contain, but which unfortunately their own records had omitted. Thus I was compelled to spend hours in atoning for a few moments' neglect on the part of a previous generation.

Such heedlessness has a demoralizing effect upon ourselves and others. It tends to bring the institution we represent into contempt. If we treat our church records as if they were of little or no account, others will estimate them accordingly. A respectable book, with appropriate headings and rulings, safely and neatly kept, embracing full and carefully-written records, seems to say, "This institution is of some consequence." The successors of such book-keepers will learn the same lesson, and catch the same spirit. Let us look to this matter. Let us have better books, better kept. Let the old histories be rewritten as best they can be, considering what has been lost and may be found. This will dignify our cause and secure for us the gratitude of coming generations. In order to this, let us make more of the "committee on church records." Let us choose men who love the church, who prize its past, and are solicitous for its future. And let us insist that they shall attend to their duties, and present, at least, an annual report.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH MISSION AND THE THREE YEARS' RULE.

BY REV. J. W. HAMILTON.

The New England Conference has been arraigned in various ways, publicly and privately, for its action taken one year ago relative to the pastor of the People's Church Mission. Rumors have not infrequently come to Boston that formal charges were already drawn, and would be presented in the General Conference at Cincinnati in May against Bishop Simpson for mal-administration in the appointment of the preacher to the Mission for the fourth year. The advocates of the unrestricted term for pastoral service have taken advantage of the Conference action and Bishop's appointment to demand that what has been done in this instance should be allowed in every Conference, and especially to the more important ministers and their equally important charges in all great cities. And, finally, it is prophesied that the new Bishop, who comes to the ensuing session of the New England Conference, will not continue the Mission, or again re-appoint the present pastor.

Now, there can be but one alternative in all this business. If the New England Conference has been disloyal, Bishop Simpson a mal-administrator, and if both the People's Church and its pastor have in some subtle manner imposed upon the authorities the task of evading the law of the Church by a sort of "hidden cunning," then—well, then by this time, all parties are pretty well "found out," and the whole matter must be, will be, undone. The People's Church Mission will disappear; the Conference will repeal its action; Bishop Simpson will apologize at the bar of the General Conference and promise "never to do so any more;" the new Bishop will be spared the necessity of reflecting upon the action of his associate, and everybody will stand up for the "Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was." But what if the People's Church Mission was legally originated, the action of the New England Conference properly taken, and the appointment by the Bishop Methodistically made? The whole affair may be a precedent, but it is either ecclesiastically right or ecclesiastically wrong.

Dr. Reid declares in his new book on "Missions" that "the line between domestic missions and foreign is not clearly defined," but the Discipline has provided for "missions in the destitute portions of the regular work;" and hitherto there has been little difficulty in determining what was a mission, and what was not. The president of a Conference, together with the Conference itself, has not only been supposed competent to decide which society was a mission, and which was not, but they together have been entrusted with missionary money for the support of the missionaries in charge of such missions; so that some considerable authority and power rest with a Bishop and annual Conference in the matter of domestic missions.

But it is in the matter of the appointment of the missionary, that the real difficulty involved in this case is found to exist. It is argued that the rule restricting the pastoral limit to three years must apply to every minister, whether called "missionary" or not, unless specifically

stated in the list of exceptions named by the General Conference, in the third section of ¶157 in the Discipline. Very good; in the list of exceptions the Bishop is authorized to use his discretion in the appointment of "missionaries to neglected portions of our cities." But it is said, that was only intended to cover the case of a missionary at large in great cities.

What, however, are the facts in the case? This very phrase was inserted at the suggestion of brethren who intended to cover precisely such an instance as the one considered by the New England Conference. By turning to the General Conference journal, it will be found that the phrase was inserted at the General Conference held in 1864, and fortunately some of the men are living who were instrumental in having it inserted; and that more than simply general city missionary work was contemplated, the following letter will show:—

Cincinnati, March 12, 1860.

DEAR BROTHER: I am in receipt of your favor of the 9th inst., in reference to the provision of the Discipline for retaining "missionaries to neglected portions of our cities" longer than the usual limit. It is true I had something to do with the change at the time it was made, and had in my mind its adaptation to our Clark Street Church, Chicago. The real design was to allow city missionaries to remain in city missionary work longer than two years, which was then the limit of the law. But at that time the regular members and congregation at Clark Street, Chicago, were moving to the other churches, and out of the city, till it looked as though the Clark Street congregation would be almost entirely a floating one, and that we should need to keep some men there specially adapted to the peculiar work of holding a congregation in the centre of the city composed of the young men rooming in the region—a man who could represent our church, and hold the strangers that might be stopping at hotels in the vicinity; and as it would require a man of peculiar talent, I thought where such a man was found we might keep him there for a series of years. Hence the phraseology, "neglected portions of our cities," was, perhaps, due to my suggestions in the committee. I knew at the time that a missionary appropriation would be necessary to hold the pastor over from year to year; but it then looked as though such an appropriation would soon be very proper, as the charter for the church and property only allowed a limited amount to be paid to the pastor—not nearly enough to support him in that part of the city. And as the families should move away, as they have from old John Street, New York, the church would justly come under the rule. But the introduction of the system of flats for family residences, and the multiplication of good private hotels, and boarding-houses, over the business places in the centre of the city where families find pleasant homes, have so changed the character of the population, that we have never availed ourselves of its provision. The congregation is more permanent than formerly, and the usual changes have been made.

I. H. HENCOCK.

That the society worshipping in the People's Church acted in good faith, under this provision of the Discipline, is evident from the course they pursued, a record of which is kept in their official Minutes. It was voted by the quarterly conference that the presiding elder request the annual Conference to recognize the society as the People's Church Mission, which request the presiding elder, Rev. Dr. Thayer, presented to the Conference in the form of a motion, and it was unanimously carried. Then, that no question might arise, Bishop Simpson asked if it was the desire of the Conference that the present pastor be returned to the work for the fourth year, and on motion of the presiding elder, the Conference again unanimously voted, asking that the appointment be made. This last action was in no sense a requirement of the Discipline, but evidently only an unusual endorsement of the Bishop's appointment, asked for by himself. It was no more necessary to ask the Conference for such an approval than it would have been to have asked for an approval of the appointment of the editor of ZION'S HERALD to his work, which is only a co-ordinate exception provided for in the same way. But the Bishop doubtless anticipated the very unfair use of the Conference action and his appointment, which has since been made. It only remains to show that the People's Church is a mission in the sense provided for by the exception to the rule, which was inserted in the Discipline by the General Conference of 1864.

And two cases more parallel than the Clark Street Church and the People's Church do not probably exist. If there be any difference, it will be found to be in favor of the People's Church.

When the appointment of the present pastor of the People's Church Mission to the old Church Street Church was first made, the society had already decided to abandon the work in that part of the city. Less than one thousand dollars had been raised by the whole church for its support during the preceding year, and for current expenses alone the society had during two years put a mortgage of six or seven thousand dollars upon its church property, and the equity above this mortgage was more than covered by the claims of pew-owners, so that the society actually possessed nothing, and was paying an annual interest of five hundred dollars for the use of a place in which to worship. The

membership and congregation were so reduced by removal as to make it impossible for the few persons that remained to do much better. No parsonage or furniture was owned by the church, and it cost nearly one thousand dollars a year for the rent of a house for the preacher. Nearly four years have now expired since the new enterprise was undertaken, and it has cost the pastor, for the luxury of his present appointment, more than one thousand dollars a year for every year since the work began—more than the society has been able to raise within itself. If he has chosen to relieve the general Missionary Society from making an appropriation for the support of his family, by keeping himself "from being burdensome unto" them, they certainly cannot complain. But there has been no time that the Conference would not have voted that such an appropriation could be justly claimed. It might be a question, under such circumstances, whether the outlay was compensated by the results, and would justify the continuance of such a mission. But as the Missionary Society has not been encumbered with the burden, as the Conference has not been asked to assume any responsibility, and as all the churches of Boston and vicinity have not contributed through their members by individual subscriptions or otherwise thus far two thousand dollars to the enterprise, no one can well complain of what it costs to originate and carry forward such an undertaking.

If, however, there is placed in the hands of the church a property more eligibly situated than any other which can be found in Boston for such purpose—a property consisting of buildings and 20,000 feet of land worth one hundred thousand dollars—and a membership is added to the church of two hundred persons, it may at least be a question whether it is wise to abandon it. If the pastor has chosen personally to earn by ingenious methods ten thousand dollars and more, and in all ways to gather nearly \$70,000 for the success of such a work, we know no reason why the retention of his services for four years under such circumstances, when provided for in the Discipline, should be an argument for breaking down the three years' rule at St. Paul's in New York or Cincinnati, Hanson Place or St. John's in Brooklyn, Arch Street in Philadelphia, or Mount Vernon in Baltimore.

Finally, if bishops or Conferences produce the available man, not so much of great gifts as willing to assume responsibilities and bear burdens of the People's Church Mission size, and will open an honorable way for the pastor of that work to take his chance with any Methodist preacher on this whole rolling ball, the writer of this paper is authorized to say that the present preacher in charge of the church at the corner of Columbus Avenue and Berkeley Street will count it all joy to fall into such temptation.

PRESIDING ELDER QUESTION.

BY REV. A. J. CHURCH, D. D.

MR. EDITOR: May I say my say on the presiding elder question? By a proper reconstruction of our system we can save \$600,000 annually, and be equally well served. The sum of \$4,800,000 has been spent for supervising our Methodist work since 1872, more than was wise or necessary; and the loss from lack of episcopal supervision would have been small compared to the loss from lack of funds for our other work.

How can this sum be saved? By electing as many bishops as there are Conferences, and paying them salaries such as the cleverest in their Conferences get now. There are plenty anxious to serve on these terms. Let them meet the quarterly conferences once a year, and dispense with visits of the presiding elder, which are now so nearly useless, that the laymen are always inquiring, "What good does his visit do?" This will give us all the episcopal supervision we need—more than any other church has, and sufficient, unless the ministers are more slack or incapable than they usually are. If there are any who think they require more overseeing than this, they will vote to continue the present costly method, and wish a quarterly presentation of the questions about which has been done.

This system will set free over four hundred of our chief ministers to cultivate fields of their own, instead of being sent at a vast expense to see how the others cultivate theirs. What might such an addition to the aggressive force of the Church do, well equipped as they are, and fired with the zeal of Christ to save men! And as many of them have been pushing us out into the regions beyond, they will be ready to enter the open doors where there is large work and small pay and souls. Four hundred new fields occupied, churches built, charities organized, and communities saved, is the one weighty reason why this system should supplant the old. No wonder sin and vice are rampant where so much evangelical power is wasted. Oh, how many yearly perish that four hundred cannot touch by reason of their office!

This system will save \$600,000 for aggressive work. Five hundred presiding

elders at \$1,500 a year aggregate \$750,000. The bishops cost \$50,000; ninety bishops, at \$2,000 a year, which is more than the highest salaries in the ninety Conferences are, would cost \$180,000, leaving a sum of \$620,000 for other uses. Are we so rich that we can afford such an outlay for "bossing the work?" Do the frantic appeals which load the air for help from importunate churches, schools and missions mean nothing? Are they parts of a play? Or are they as urgent and real as the call of duty? Then we cannot use the Lord's funds in this way and be innocent.

But, it is said often, these interests get as much as they would if we cut off the other expense. This is the grievous mistake of it all. Our people are generally poor, and can do only about so much anyway; and elders know that not one in ten but complains that their assessments are too high, and hard to raise. What the elder and bishop get, can be raised just as well for missions and church extension. But the worst part of the mistake is, that discerning men see that ornamental service costs too much and real service gets too little, and make this their excuse for withholding. It has been said to me while raising benevolences, a dozen times this winter, "Your money is not used economically. There are too many high officials paid out of it." Is not this the reason of the constant decrease of missionary funds since 1866?

There are no difficulties in the working of this system which cannot be overcome much easier than it is to raise one quarter of the sum which the present system costs; and with grand courage and spirit the Church can go on to conquer if she has funds to build equal to her needs.

Correspondence.

FROM BALTIMORE.

The ninety-sixth session of the Baltimore Conference was held in Madison Avenue Church, in this city, March 3-10. Bishop Andrews presided, for the first time at this mother of Conferences. Bishops Bowman, Merrill and Peck were present during a part of the session. The number of members on the roll was 188; two died during the year. Rev. Thomas Guard was transferred to the Conference from California, and is appointed to Mount Vernon Place, where he was three years, before going to California. The Conference was one of considerable interest. The collections and statistics were very encouraging. Dr. Fowler, of the *Christian Advocate*, and several other General Conference officers were present, and reported favorably of the interests they represented. Four ministers were elected as delegates to the General Conference: Rev. John A. Price, Dr. W. S. Edwards, Dr. John Laubach and L. T. Wideman; three of them are presiding elders—two the laymen and one the presiding elder—W. H. Chapman and B. Peyton Brown. The two lay delegates are Hon. Milton G. Urner (U. S. Senator), of Frederick City, and Mr. B. F. Parlett of this city. There were comparatively few changes made in appointments this year, the principal being at Mount Vernon Place, where Rev. Thomas Guard takes the place of Rev. J. B. Van Meter; Madison Avenue Church, where Dr. H. R. Taylor takes the place of Rev. Mr. Courtney; and at Metropolitan Church, Washington, where Rev. R. N. Baer succeeds Dr. Taylor.

The Conference voted down the appointment of a committee on Conference Relations. A motion to instruct delegates to resist changes of any kind in the episcopacy or presiding eldership, was not acted upon, although it was debated. The Conference was most pronounced upon the question of Popery and the millions of money it manipulates from the State for sectarian ends. Rev. Fathers Quinn and Wood, two ex-priests, addressed the Conference, producing a favorable and profound impression. The Conference endorsed them and their work. Father Quinn preached three times on Conference Sunday, and gave much satisfaction. His printed sermon against papal supremacy was largely circulated, and he proposes a course of lectures in this city at no distant day. Father Wood is already a Methodist preacher, connected with the West Virginia Conference, and Father Quinn has joined Dr. Newman's church in New York. Just as Conference closed, during the excitement caused by the statements and exposures of these two ex-priests, the brave and bold Edith O'Gorman began a course of lectures in this city, in which she revealed the secrets of nun life and the confessional to crowded audiences. In addition to this, Rev. Dr. McDonald, pastor of the leading Baptist church of Richmond, Va., lectured on "How I became a Protestant." Father Quinn, Edith O'Gorman and Dr. McDonald were born in Ireland and raised in the Romish faith. Truly, the world moves! I may add, as a supplement to this paragraph, that a vigorous pamphlet from the pen of Rev. Dr. W. Bates, president of the Methodist Protestant Conference, has just appeared, entitled, "Bates' Letters to a Catholic Priest," and is dedicated to Bishop Becker, Roman Catholic prelate of Wilmington, and the clergy of his diocese. These letters cover 48 pages, and are worthy of a good Protestant of any kind. Still, hard as it is being made for popery, it goes on in its steady course here, and Archbishop Gibbons is preaching the most ultra dogmas of popery.

Conferences are crowding upon each other in this section of country. The Virginia Conference, which was held in Norfolk, has closed its session; Bishop Merrill presided. The Washington Conference (colored) met in Washington City, Bishop Peck presiding; and the Wilmington Conference and Central Pennsylvania Conference have just been held. The Baltimore Conference (M. E. Church, South) has closed a very pleasant session at Fort Royal, Va., its record of the past year is very encouraging.

encouraging. Bishop Keener presided at this Conference, which occupies all the State of Maryland and much of Virginia, and in *ante bellum* days, a part of the old Baltimore Conference. It has a large number of ministers on its roll, many of whom were leading men of the old mother church in the days of slavery. The amount raised for the support of its ministers during the past year was over \$90,000. It is doing a grand work in many places. The Maryland Conference (Methodist Protestant Church) is in session in Washington City, and Rev. Dr. Valient is elected president, who succeeds Dr. D. W. Bates, who has been in that office for three years.

FROM LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.

At the late session of the Florida Conference, Bishop Simpson appointed the writer to Titusville circuit, which embraces five preaching posts—Lagrange, Titusville, City Point, Rockledge, and Georgianna on Merritt's Island. My field of labor, therefore, extends about forty miles on both sides of the beautiful Indian river. In four weeks I am able to call on all the people, hold week-evening services, and preach at each place once in four weeks by visiting Lagrange and Titusville the first Sabbath in each month.

Lagrange is a very promising field, with a small chapel and good Sunday-school, and the people appreciate religious services. Eight souls were forwarded for prayers on Sabbath evening, Titusville, the seat of government for Brevard County, takes its name from Col. Titus, of Kansas fame, whom, it is said, old John Brown taught to pray. Last Sunday I preached in the church the Colonel built at his own expense, and though not able to attend church, he promises to aid in furnishing means for the support of the Sunday-school, which was organized last Sabbath.

The several settlements named are made up of people from all the States and nearly all nations. There are plenty of openings for Christian labor, if one can board with the people, and occasionally pay his hotel fare and traveling expenses. But pioneer work must be done in Florida, for in twenty-five years this State will be the garden of the world and the wealthiest of the United States. If any of the ministerial brethren desire work, they can find it here, if willing to make sacrifices for the sake of Christ and souls. I enjoy my circuit very much, and expect to reap a harvest of souls for the Master this year.

A. A. PRESBURY.

March 5, 1880.

Our Book Table.

We referred, as it was passing through the press, to the last work of the late E. C. Wines, D. D., LL. D.; a volume with which closed his labors and his life simultaneously. Just as he finished his preface, and before he had entirely completed the reading of the proof, he suddenly and quietly expired. This noble monument to his protracted and thorough study of penology, at home and abroad, and of the more important science of the prevention of crime, is the summing up of a quarter of a century's examination of prisons and of prison life, in nearly all parts of the world and in many tongues. The volume is an encyclopedia of information and instruction upon all topics connected with the care of criminals, the cure of crime and the prevention of the ruin incident to the exposure of childhood.

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The beautiful library edition of Hil-dreth's HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, uniform with their editions of Macaulay, Motley, and Hume, Harper & Brothers have just issued from their press. It is struck off from the revised plates which the author corrected in 1858, after his work had been exposed to the frankest criticism in this country and Europe. It embraces our history from the commencement of the colonial period to the close of the administration of Mr. Madison. It eschews all graces of style; is the perfect opposite of Bancroft in this respect. It proposes to give a plain, frank, fair story of successive events with an honest and unflattering portrait of the conspicuous actors in the successive eras. It dispels some pleasing illusions in reference to notable men, as they have been seen through the mists of the departed generations, but probably reaches nearer the exact likenesses than the pictures of their eulogists and the dramatic historians. In the *Methodist Quarterly*, at the time the first revised edition was issued, the book while Dr. McCintock was editor, the following notice of the work was given: "His work fills a want, and is therefore most welcome. Its positive merits, in addition to those we have before mentioned, are impartiality, steadiness of view, clear appreciation of character, and, in point of style, a terseness and conciseness not unlike Tacitus; with not a little, too, of Tacitean vigor of thought, stern sense of justice, sharp irony, and profound wisdom." The present very tasteful edition will be a favorite in all libraries.

MEMORIES OF PATRIMOS, or, Some of the Great Words and Visions of the Apocalypse, by J. R. Macduff, D. D. New York: Carter & Brothers. Boston: For sale by Magee. 12mo., 355 pp. This is not a fresh attempt, to be added to the thousands of preceding expositions of the prophecy of the book of Revelation. It is something better—more practical and profitable. It is a series of chapters, or short discourses, upon the many passages in this rich but somewhat mysterious volume, which are full of precious instruction, of inspiring grandeur, or of solacing comfort. Its transcendent idea is the glorious second coming of our Lord, the great event requisite for it, and the sublime events that attend and follow it. All Christians will read these inspiring and impressive pages with spiritual profit and elevation.

CHEERFUL WORDS, by George Macdonald. Introduction by James T. Fields. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. price \$1.00. This attractive little volume contains short selections from the works, in prose and poetry, of that gracious and graceful writer, whose sermons and fictions have found so many readers in Great Britain and America. A short biographical sketch, with a warm criticism of his literature, is given by the compiler, Emma E. Brown; and Mr. Fields gives a hearty and friendly introduction. It is a volume to take up at odd hours and in moments of meditation. It is full of the richest ore, and is a fine field of plunder for the sear editor of the religious press.

THOUGHTS ON GREAT MYSTERIES: Selected from the Works of Frederick William Faber, D. D., with an Introduction by J. S. Purdy, D. D. New York: Thomas Whitaker, 12mo., 229 pp., price \$1.25. For sale in Boston by Lockwood, Brooks & Co. Faber's works, as published by the Roman Catholic press, comprised eight stout octavo volumes. He was a sincere convert to Romanism, and his writings are hearty in their acceptance and advocacy of Catholic doctrines and ordinances; but no one who reads his charming mystical hymns, as much prized (perhaps more) by Protestants as Romanists, can doubt the depth and sincerity of his piety, and the richness of his personal religious experiences. This very interesting volume, extracted from his works, and omitting the advocacy of Romanism, presents by Thomas W. Dunster, D. D., a selection in its subjective forms. It will be as welcome to all evangelical Christians as the meditations of the Catholic Thomas a Kempis, or the devout musings of Madam Guyon. But these discourses are nervous with sterling thought, interlarded with hallowed love, and full, often, of the eloquence of the highest sanctified genius. The volume is a welcome contribution to our permanent meditative religious literature.

WHAT CHRISTIANS BELIEVE, is a paper-covered volume of 218 pages, published by Thomas W. Dunster, D. D., New York. N. Y. By Miles Gaylord Bullock, Ph. D., Pastor of East Methodist Episcopal Church, Oswego, N. Y. This little book is a series of eight discourses, delivered by the author, and is a most valuable sermon pulpit, setting forth the doctrinal views both of other Churches and his own. No Church—not the Roman Catholic, Unitarian, Universalist or Calvinistic—can find fault with the spiritual style of these sermons. The overall criticism we would make is that, in some instances, he is too generous. He presents the most favorable possible side of these various interpretations of the Christian faith, as held by the various worthy defenders, without looking at the average opinions of their supporters. The Roman Catholic Church of yesterday, or even of to-day, and in our own day, could hardly be recognized in the generous picture of their faith and Christian ordinances. But the volume shows how near, with all the sturdy bars of creeds and catechisms, traditions and ceremonies, all that is left of our Lord's sincerity and grace. We should think the audience must have enjoyed the discourses, and greatly profited under them. Price 35 cents.

SOTERIA; or, The Science of Salvation, by Rev. Samuel Emerson. 16mo., paper-covered, price 25 cents. Published in Boston by A. Williams & Co. We read this little volume through with interest. The thoughtful author goes a good ways round to accomplish his object, and does not leave an inquiring penitent in a very clear condition, after all, as to just what he is to do to obtain salvation. As a positive and well-reasoned argument against the Roman and ritualistic idea of salvation by sacrament, or the abolition of a priest, and against the Antinomianism of the "true contrition" of salvation by will—determine that you will accept the terms of Christ and you are saved—and as an earnest plea for the new birth of the Holy Ghost as the indispensable accompaniment of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, this little manual is admirable. An average penitent seeking forgiveness would, to say the least, be a little bewildered to say to him, "You are saved by the Baptism of Desire" and by "true contrition" or "sin from which we repent to 'true charity, a sincere desire to know and adopt the true religion, and do good according to our knowledge.'" Think of Paul saying that he was in jail for his religion, and that he was saved by his religion, even if our prayers do not embrace the whole formula in their compass.

THE THREE BROTHERS, by Rev. E. Latimer. Of this interesting pamphlet Dr. Latimer writes to the author: "I thank you for sending me 'The Three Brothers.' In my residence in Western New York, I became acquainted with the two who were last translated to the Christian triumph. They were devoted to God, fully devoted to the work of their great Master. Your sketch of the elder brother, the youthful missionary, has been a means of grace to my soul. His early and clear conversion, his struggle after perfect love as a definite blessing, his consecration of himself to the Christian ministry in times when such consecration meant sacrifice, suffering, and very frequently death, and his early call to his reward, remind me of two other missionaries—David Brainerd and Melville B. Cox. It will do all our young men good to read these sketches. May they be scattered broadcast over our land!"

The National Publishing Association at Philadelphia issued a new collection of music for social services, about the size of the Moody and Sankey hymn-books. It bears the attractive title of *Beniah Songs*, and is compiled and arranged by Rev. W. McDonald and L. Hartson, both of whom are men of cultivated tastes in this direction, having written music and heretofore arranged it in popular forms. The work contains new and old melodies, and is intended to express the highest and sweetest experiences in holy living and loving. The names of the authors of the hymns and tunes show the breadth and wisdom of the selections in this volume, and we doubt not it will sing its own praises through the land.

NEW MUSIC. From Oliver Ditson & Co. Instrumental—Haydn's *Adagio*, by F. Klingel. Mayflower (duet), by Miron A. Ward; A Hymn of Love, arr. for piano by W. Smallwood, composed by Beethoven; Smiling Landscape, by Gustav Lange, Op. 248. H. H. No. 9. Vocal—Twenty-one, words by E. E. Weatherly, music by J. L. Moll; The Silver Bridge, words by Elizabeth Akers Allen, music by T. H. Howe.

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1880.

The numerous attractions of the city, with the opportunities for gratifying the taste and improving the mind, are apt to distract the thoughts of the members of the Conference, so that the religious services fail to receive the attention they ought. The old devoted days when these assemblies of ministers were gathered in country villages, and when Conference was often a Pentecost, will probably not return. Everything has changed. The membership has now become so greatly enlarged, that a Conference is a small village of itself. The meeting of ministers is not so rare a matter as it used to be, nor is their presence so rare an opportunity for the churches. Business in Conference has enormously increased, so that it well nigh swallows up the week, and the great benevolent societies clamor for the time that used to be devoted to evangelical work. In former days this annual week was really a protracted religious service. It brought a revival, and usually left one behind. But still the morning meetings for prayer may be made seasons of peculiar spiritual profit, and even the monotony of the business sessions may be made means of grace. The cause of forced outward expressions of piety on such occasions is hard to be endured, but a prayerful spirit and a Christ-like temper, secured by holy communion with heaven, will make these sessions of ministers for ecclesiastical business, and for the presentation of the great claims of Christian charity, memorable periods of gracious fellowship and of devout spiritual growth.

If a man enters the ministry as a profession in which he is to secure his livelihood and bring up a family, the Methodist itinerancy does not offer him, perhaps, the most inviting field. He has to forego the luxury of a permanent home filled with the pleasant gatherings of many years; the education of his children is often interrupted, and the salary may not average as high as the best paid clergymen of some other denominations. But if one cannot help preaching because "a woe is me" is upon him, and the "love of Christ constrains him," then there is no ministry in the whole Church that will afford him a better or wider opportunity to win souls and to secure the richest harvest for his life's work than this same itinerant economy. No man should be a preacher if he can help it. If he is unmistakably called, then the only question is, How can the largest results be secured in the shortest time? And no intelligent observer can fail to appreciate the remarkable opportunities offered to the Methodist ministry by its regular exchanges and its economy of time. No period is lost in seeking churches or in meeting the baffling opposition of dissatisfied members.

In temporal matters, while there are few opportunities for securing fortunes in our ministry, there is a general thrift, and no families, on an average, are better trained for life, either for business or for the professions. The sons of Methodist ministers are to be found in all the lines of industrial activity, in the law, in medicine, in the ministry, and in the various forms of trade, filling with honor conspicuous seats. After all, the providence of God, to an obedient disciple, is the best and safest inheritance.

One's confidence in the truth of Holy Writ is greatly strengthened when one studies the unquestioning assurance of Paul respecting his own inspiration by the Spirit of God. Speaking of the truths contained in the Gospel, he says, "God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit." Then, after asserting the Holy Spirit's perfect knowledge of the things of God, he affirms, as a fact demonstrated by his personal consciousness, "We have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit of God, that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God; which things"—that is, these divine doctrines—"he goes on to declare, 'we teach, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth.' Hence the things which Paul knew to be true, because divinely made known to him, we believe on the strength of his clear testimony and on the authority of Jesus himself. Our faith becomes nearly equal to know-

edge when we experience its mighty effects on our consciences and affections. We are sure these effects are realities. We know them, and then we feel sure that they could not be produced by belief in an unreal Christ. Faith in a falsehood never purified a guilty conscience, cleansed a foul heart, and transformed a bad life. Faith in Christ does these things; therefore we know that He was, and is, and shall be evermore, the real, the living Jesus.

Much of Mr. Wesley's power as a preacher grew out of the penetrativeness of his intellect. His ideas were not opaque, but transparent. Hence his power of lucid statement. How clear, for example, is his description of entire sanctification as distinguished from the change "wrought in justification." He says, "It does not imply any new kind of holiness; let no man imagine this. Love is the sum of Christian sanctification; it is the one kind of holiness which is found only in various degrees in the believers who are distinguished by St. John into 'little children, young men and fathers.' The difference between one and the other properly lies in the degree of love. And herein there is as great a difference in the spiritual, as in the natural sense between fathers, young men and babes." This is so simple, and so Scriptural, that those who are only "babes in Christ" can readily comprehend it. Would they assiduously cultivate the faith that sweetly works by love, they would speedily become first young men and then fathers, having their hearts purified of all evil affection by faith and filled with that love for Christ which is the essence of holiness.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

The eighty-first session of this venerable body, which anticipated in its origin by a few years the present century, opens just before our day of publication. The first session of this company of Methodist ministers was held in Lynn, in the unfinished and rough Methodist chapel, of which the present elegant brick Common Street Church is the legitimate and honored descendant. It occurred in the first week of August, 1792. At this time the devoted itinerants, led on by Jason Lee, who was at that time in the prime of his vigorous manhood and of his masterly preaching power, had gathered within the bounds of New England some thirteen hundred and fifty-eight members. Eight ministers were present beside their chief pastor, Bishop Asbury, then not quite fifty, slight in person, but vigorous and erect, with a powerful voice, and heavenly unction and a consecration to his work that has not been surpassed since apostolic days. It was, indeed, a day of small things with them; for New England had been "pre-empted" by the Puritan Churches which were planted in every town, and a moral wall almost as impregnable as the fortifications of an ancient city repelled the approaches of the new militant host. A small squad of which, only, had been skirmishing for a few years on the outskirts. Sitting in the centre of his little band, Asbury already saw in prophetic vision the whitening fields springing with abundant harvests from their sowing of tears, and he inspired his devoted companions with his own enthusiasm. To-day, in New England, over an hundred thousand members are to be found in our churches, and eight hundred ministers meet in the different Conferences which now share with the parent body the care of New England Methodism. How much larger is the membership and the sainted ministry which during these ninety years have served, and been served, at her earthly altars, and are now gathered with the Church of the first-born in heaven! New England Conference reported at its session last year in Worcester, 27,968 members and 2,647 probationers. This number, doubtless, has been increased the past year, as the Church has enjoyed revival seasons throughout its borders. Nearly two hundred and fifty ministers belong to the Conference, some of them filling other positions than the pastorate, and others holding supernumerary and supernumerary relations.

It is not a matter of surprise, as there are six other large Conferences on the New England territory, besides portions of two or three others, that some objection has been made to the retention of the original name, not so much from any jealousy of the parent body as on account of the confusion that naturally occurs in gathering general religious statistics. At the last General Conference a change of title was urged with so much persistency by some of the delegates of sister Conferences, that the alteration would have been effected had it not been for the earnest personal appeals of our own delegation to secure a postponement, at least, until the succeeding session of that body. Without doubt, the matter will be brought forward again at the session in Cincinnati, as all the other New England Conferences have united with the Providence in a petition to this effect. The objection has been partly an honorable and commendable sentiment. The name has become endeared

by a century of impressive associations. It has entered largely into our church history, and has stood as the representative of progressive and advanced moral reforms during eras of social struggle that will never be repeated, nor the memory of them be lost among men. In addition to this, there are several funds held by the Conference as an incorporated body, and a number of charitable societies bear by legislative enactments its name and hold their properties under its title. Except for serious occasion, so venerable an appellation, fortified by so many acts of the General Court of the State, ought not to be disturbed. A compromise has been proposed, which will be acceptable to the other bodies and still preserve the endeared name to the legitimate inheritor of the honors and labors of the original body. It has been proposed simply to add the word Central to the present title, and to call it the Central New England Conference. By an act of the Legislature the effect of this change upon all previous acts of incorporation could be healed, so that no inherited properties would be alienated, and time enough could be secured to make all necessary changes in wills and prevent errors arising from an overlooking of the change in new bequests. This matter will come before the Conference and receive ample attention.

With the successful experiment of last year and this in providing entertainment for the Conference at public boarding-houses, by small collections in all the charges, there is little probability of a return to the old plan of gratuitous provision by local churches. When the addition of lay brethren to the Conference is made, the difficulty of the old plan will be still further enhanced. As now arranged, an increase of numbers will be no serious embarrassment. Should a Connecticut Conference be formed, as is warmly urged by leading brethren in the western part of that State now embraced within the limits of the New York and New York East Conferences, the portion of Massachusetts and Rhode Island now embodied in the Providence Conference, might be much to the comfort of all concerned, returned again to the warm parental embrace of the New England Conference. Arrangements for the sessions of the body, as large as it would then be, could readily be made in Boston, Providence, New Bedford, Worcester, Springfield and other cities. It would add greatly to the ease in distributing the pastors throughout the work thus to secure the reunion of this homogeneous and formerly related territory.

To the Conference comes, for the first time, Bishop Edward G. Andrews, since his election eight years ago. This gives us a vivid idea of the present limitations of what we call our General Superintendency, and shows that the time is close at hand when some, not permanent, but periodic, district superintendency must be arranged in its place. Our bishops are needed not simply to touch the work at our cities and large towns, but to be known and felt as chief pastors by our smaller charges, where they can accomplish much more service for the cause than in the sensation-bummed assemblies of the metropolis. Bishop Andrews headed alphabetically and was not far from this in every sense) the class that graduated at Wesleyan University in 1847. He joined the Oneida Conference the same year, and was stationed until 1854, when he was called to teach in the Conference Seminary at Cazenovia, and afterwards became its principal. In 1864 he returned again to the pastorate, entering the New York East Conference, having a strong love for the work of the ministry and eminent success in it. He was stationed in Stamford, Conn., and in three important charges in Brooklyn (St. John's Church in the number), and from the pulpit of Seventh Avenue Church he was called to be one of the bishops of the Church. He was then forty-seven years of age—in the vigor of his life and in the maturity of his intellectual powers. Bishop Andrews is of middle size, heretofore of light frame, but of late is taking on more of the physical port of the office. He has a large round head, with broad forehead, a very expressive eye, and the marks of an intellectual and scholarly man. He is an excellent preacher; clear, orthodox, earnest, and often clothed with a powerfully persuasive unction. He is a good presiding officer; courteous, quick at discerning a point, familiar with the rules of deliberative bodies, brotherly in bearing towards the members and impressive in his official work. He will receive a hearty New England welcome from the large Conference which will meet him at Grace Church on Wednesday, the 31st.

The only peculiar feature of the session, which we could hope might be a spiritual one, is the election of delegates to General Conference. Here the chief embarrassment is the richness of the opportunity for selection. Five out of two hundred and more is a terrible strain on the judgment and kind feelings of the brotherhood. It is safe to say that five excellent men will be designated, and fifty, every way their equals, will form a large fellowship for common sympathy, as being left behind. We proffer our congratulations in advance to the men whom their brethren elect to this honorable representative office.

We have left no space to speak of one of the most important matters connected with our subject—an inquiry as to the best measures for reducing very considerably the monotonous routine of the Conference business, and securing more time for the consideration of the grave subjects which are now hurried through in a few hours at the end of the session, amid much confusion, and with no opportunity for adequate discussion. When lay brethren form a part of the Conference, there will certainly have to be changes made. The purely ministerial portions of the business might be attended to in secret sessions, and would require but a limited period, and the great connective and local interests might have larger space and a more deliberate consideration. These points will demand careful attention, and will receive it.

NILHILISM AGAIN.

The fearful duel between the Emperor Alexander and his people partakes almost of the nature of romance. Nihilism is to Russia like the blood-spot in Macbeth, that will not out. Its impudence is sublime. On the occasion of the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the reign of the Emperor, its committee wrote to the commanding-general: "You need not take the trouble to make preparations for an illumination on the occasion; the Nihilists themselves will take care of that, and give you a sight not seen since the days when Nero burned Rome." And two hours after the Winter Palace was blown up, placards on the walls of the capital announced that notwithstanding the failure of that attempt, the efforts to extirpate tyranny would be continued with zeal and desperate determination.

Russia is clearly suffering from an ancient constitutional disease inherent in its mode of existence, which is now assuming an acute type; and therefore more than acute measures of repression are necessary. But absolute rulers never seem to learn the lessons of history; even the kindest of them will insist in crossing at right angles every historical progress, until their dynasties are swept away by the wrath of the people. If any ruler in Europe deserves sympathy for good intentions as far as he understands them, it is the Emperor of Russia. But he began his reforms at the wrong end of the line, and now he depends on the strength of his police rather than on the love of his nation. While he liberated the serfs so abruptly that it was almost impossible for them to adapt themselves to the new mode of life without becoming the victims of usurers, as they now largely are, he paid little or no attention to the intelligent middle classes.

The Nihilists are not a vulgar mob, isolated in their hatred and their action. Without brains and very extensive combinations, they could never thus carry their theories into execution. They are largely men of intelligence, who demand a total change in the political and social status of Russia, and doubtless expect from this many ideal results. But a change they are determined to have, if the empire goes to wreck and ruin. For their men are good; but the social organization is bad, and the political is worse. The great evil that engenders all others is administrative corruption. The land is ruled not so much by laws as by the police, and these are practically irresponsible and ubiquitous. There is scarcely an officer of the government that has not his double in a secret detective dogging his steps. Now it is not surprising that in a country where personal security and even life itself are at the mercy of nameless informers, that excitable natures should lose all moral sense and descend to the baseness of revolting crimes. They have no logic but pessimism, and no cure but ruin. They desperately prefer death to inaction, and therefore they would destroy everything; would suppress all class distinction and all privileges, destroy the army, the magistracy, the clergy, capital, banks, governmental administration; and, in short, everything. And therefore their appellation of Nihilists.

They seem to be mystical, over-excited men, ready to exaggerate their wrongs, and brutal in redressing them. And wild and fanatical as they are, it would be the part of wisdom to study their disease and try to cure them by other means than mere brute force. The evil has been brought

on by an unnatural social and political system, and will never be cured until the cause is eradicated. It is a very significant truth that most of the Nihilists are recruited among literary men; they come largely from the universities. It would seem that the government takes pains in these establishments to lower the level of intelligence rather than to elevate it, and to irritate active brains. A recently published pamphlet on the "Progress of Public Instruction in Russia," sums up the condition of a student in these terms: "The student is always a suspicious individual, and therefore he is continually under the eye and surveillance of the police. At the least show of independence, or the simplest claim to self-respect, he may be whipped, cast into prison, or exiled. And as a measure of discipline he may be refused admittance to all literary and liberal professions."

Such men are soon possessed of an absorbing idea, namely, to save the country by destroying its idol, the Czar, who is to them the embodiment of all they detest. And they therefore simply become iconoclasts, devoted to the one foul work of destruction. Now it is clear that Nihilism is a disease peculiarly Russian, arising largely from the dreamy, idealistic and mystical character of the race. Its presence betokens a deep and morbid disorganization of the social state; and whipping-posts, prisons, exile, or scaffolds, will never cure it. And if allowed to run its race, the end will be dire catastrophe to the nation. And now the question is, of course, what is the cure? And about this the doctors disagree. We believe it would suffice to prevent catastrophe if the Emperor would meet the whole nation, and especially the intelligent portion of it, on the platform of constitutional liberty, and especially adopt such measures as would raise the intelligence of the masses. It is seriously affirmed that the number of schools in Russia is decreasing instead of increasing, and that in 30,000 there is not more than one educated man on an average. Reform the demoralizing Russian clergy, introduce the schoolmaster and the philanthropist instead of the soldier and the policeman; give to the intelligence of the country some share in its control, and matters will certainly improve.

Editorial Items.

We referred, a few weeks since, to the call of Prof. Converse of Syracuse University for an educational convention, to be held at Cincinnati during the session of the General Conference. In pursuance with this suggestion, Dr. E. O. Haven, Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Education of the M. E. Church, has called such a convention to meet in that city on Thursday afternoon, May 6. To its sessions he invites the committee on Education of the General Conference, presidents, professors and others specially interested in Methodist educational work, with faculties and boards of trust of all denominational schools, and such ministers and laymen as are interested in this important question. In his circular he refers to the high place which the cause of education holds among us; to the local, irregular, independent, un-economical and inharmonious manner in which it has thus far been conducted; to the benefit of an amicable consultation among the different boards as to the expediency of securing some general plan to the possibility, by some general movement, of raising a great contribution for educational purposes, like the fund the Wesleyans are now contributing, to be all paid by 1883—the centennial of the organization of the M. E. Church. In order to render such a movement possible, he suggests that the constitution of the present Board of Education of the Church should be carefully considered in view of possible changes and to determine the expediency of a system of Conference auxiliary societies; to fix the conditions under which any institution shall be recognized by the Church; the relation of the different institutions to each other; and that such a harmonious agreement between all the duly authorized institutions may be secured, that a common appeal can be made to the whole Church to raise an adequate sum to place them all in a fair condition.

This is the call and propositions of the recognized head of our educational organization under the General Conference of the Church. It recognizes a need long felt, suggests the only probable remedy, and dazzles the imagination as well as quickens the faith of the Church with the great opportunity which it suggests, to organize a thorough educational system and to secure its adequate endowment. We humbly but heartily second the motion.

No persons need pastoral watch-care more than editors, and none have occasion to be more thankful than they when they are specially favored in this regard. It hardly seems possible that our esteemed pastor, Rev. Samuel Jackson, has been with us for three years, so gratefully have the weeks passed under his enriching ministry. Especially during the last year we have been absent a considerable portion of the Sabbath, and have always regretted our loss. Every Lord's day has called forth some fresh, original and impressive exposition of the Word of God. He has not failed to make his discourses seasonable, and ap-

plicable to the events of the hour, but he has always found his lessons legitimately drawn from the volume of sacred inspiration. Quiet, prudent, courteous, particularly attentive to the sick and the poor, ready for every good word and work, with a well-trained family—and other head of the household every way devoted and universally esteemed helpmeet—Brother Jackson has won for himself a warm and permanent place in the esteem and affection of the Newton M. E. Church. We heartily commend him to the good fellowship and cordial welcome of any charge whither he may be sent, and congratulate the people, in advance, who find his name announced in connection with their pulpit and pastoral work.

A. Williams & Co. publish a tenth edition of the memorable argument of the late Gov. Andrews, as counsel for the repeal of the prohibition law and the inauguration of the license system, in 1867, before a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature. When this argument is forgotten, the noble war governor will be remembered for acts and words that will endure him to every lover of his country. Under the shadow of his endeavor to destroy the State defense against liquor selling, both the sale and drinking of intoxicating drinks experienced a fresh renaissance among us, and the temperance reform suffered an ebb from which it will not recover for years. It is safe to say that this pamphlet contains the strength of the argument in favor of license and in relief of the consciences of liquor-sellers, and it is equally safe to say that if John Andrews had argued, as counsel, the other side, he could readily have torn his own reasoning to shreds, and electrified his hearers with a peroration on the horrors of intemperance and the duty of the State to defend her children from the plague.

George Munro, New York, has issued his American editions of the *Contemporary Review* and the *Nineteenth Century* for March. The former has papers upon the Mysteries of Administration in Turkey; upon the Pedigree of Man; the Duration of Parliaments; Bureaucracy in Germany and Austria-Hungary; the Vernacular Press in India; Hellenic and Christian Views of Beauty; and Ministerial Misstatements on the Afghan Question, by the Duke of Argyll. Many of these topics are rich in suggestions, and will prompt remarks hereafter. The *Nineteenth Century* opens with a paper upon England as a Naval Power; Justin McCarthy, M. P., writes upon the Common Sense of the Home Rule. There are also papers upon Sham Admiralty in Literature; Newspaper Correspondents in the Field; the Next Reform Bill; Burns and Beranger; the Proper Use of the City Churches; Irish Land Agitation; God and Nature; Reasons for Doubt in the Church of Rome; Recent Science, by Huxley; and Russia and England, by Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

We congratulate the Calvary Baptist Church of New Haven in the selection they have made for their new pastor, Rev. G. W. Samson, who has been seven years past the occupant of the Baptist pulpit in Newton, and has endeavored himself to the citizens of the place as well as to his own church. A man of catholic spirit, of genial temper, and true in every moral enterprise and true reformer, ready with his able services at the calls of the community, he has made himself, without the slightest self-assertion or ostentation, to be welcomed in all its Christian circles and to be entrusted, as a member of the school board, with the care of its children. He carries with him the best wishes of all the people for his happiness and abundant success in his new and responsible charge.

The New York papers announce the unexpected death of a respected friend of the editor, Thomas L. Thorne, esq., secretary of the American Fire Insurance Company, 120 Broadway. He has been sick of an insidious disease for quite a period, but his friends have encouraged a hope to the last that he might rally from it. It proved to be cancer of the stomach. After severe sufferings, borne with great Christian fortitude and devout resignation, he died at his residence in New York city on Sunday, March 21. He was an accomplished underwriter, a gentleman of polished manners, with a good education and well read; he has held high municipal stations, and was an exemplary and active member of the Presbyterian Church. He died in the maturity of his manhood at 51 years of age. Our tenderest sympathies are with his bereaved family.

On Easter Sabbath morning, in Newton, in the M. E. Church, that Scripture was fulfilled, "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree and the box together, to beautify the place of My sanctuary; and I will make the place of My feet glorious." Through the tasteful and generous services and elegant floral gifts of one of the brethren, Mr. Clough, and of the president of the Ladies' Society, Mrs. Lamson, the chance of the church was embowered in beautiful conservatory plants and flowers, and the fragrance of them filled the whole house. The sermon by the pastor, touched with untold pathos as his last discourse after a three years' pastorate, was one of remarkable beauty and power, upon the resurrection of our Lord and the comforting and inspiring truths growing out of it. It was an appropriate and sublime expression of one of the crowning truths of His Gospel.

Last Wednesday evening the members of the Tremont Street Church and congregation assembled in the parlor of Dr. Studley to give a farewell greeting to their pastor, who now closes his second three years' pastorate with this

people. It was a large gathering, and there were unmistakable evidences of the continued popularity of the Doctor with this church. Complimentary resolutions were passed, and a short address was made by William B. Merrill, esq., expressing the strong attachment of himself and church to Dr. Studley, and regretting that the Methodist economy made it necessary for a loving pastor and a loving people to separate. Dr. Studley responded with some appreciative remarks, giving the brighter side of the itinerancy; and said, that while he loved the church he has just served, and fully appreciated their uniform kindness and generosity, yet he was satisfied with the itinerancy, and were he to commence life again, he should enter it as a minister, without hesitation.

The friends of Father Marsh contemplate paying him a visit at his house, in Sandwich, Mass., on his 84th birthday, April 3. Those who cannot be present can send tokens of love (which will be gladly received by the friends) to the house. The day will close with an hour of prayer and praise. Father Marsh's bodily health is very poor, but his mind remains clear, and his love for the cause of Christ and the divine Master himself has not abated. We hope he will be widely and generously remembered. Do not forget the date. Make a minute of it, or send the intended gift at once.

The late verdict of \$34,000 against the Lasell Seminary and the trustees (which had been appealed on exceptions) has been amicably settled by the payment of \$27,500 contributed by a number of the trustees, who are entitled to much credit for their earnest effort and sacrifice to save the institution from further litigation, and enable it to continue, with still greater efficiency, its noble work. It is now educating in a thorough and practical manner young women seeking its advantages, from about twenty different States. Its enlargement is much needed, as the attendance crowds its present capacity.

F. W. True (son of the late Dr. C. K. True) sailed for Europe, Mar. 20, in the steamer "Neckar," of the North German Lloyd line, as one of the staff of the U. S. Fish Commission in charge of the United States exhibit at the International Fishery Exposition in Berlin, commencing April 20.

The Missionary Report just issued states that Dr. Wise's "Our King and Saviour" has been translated into the vernacular of India, and is published by our mission press at Lucknow. It is one of the most attractive of the numerous lives of our Lord which have been written, and is issued in a beautiful form by our Book Room in New York.

Phillips and Hunt publish, in a neat pamphlet, the remarkable articles prepared by Dexter A. Hawkins for the columns of the *Christian Advocate* on the astonishing land grants and subsidies which the Roman Catholic Church has succeeded in obtaining from the public treasury of New York city. The pamphlet is entitled, "The Roman Catholic Church in New York City." Its statistics are simply startling, and ought to be a warning for the future.

Dr. E. O. Haven has had remarkably clear and forcible articles in the last two issues of the *Independent*. He opposes any removal of the restrictions from the Methodist itinerancy, and argues earnestly the probable evil results that would follow such an act, and the beneficial effects of an often change in the ministry.

The elaborate articles—twelve in number—from the pen of Dr. Moses L. Scudder, which have appeared in the columns of the *Methodist* upon the "Supervision of the Ministry of the M. E. Church," suggesting the reforms needed, in the opinion of the writer, have been published in tract form by N. Tibbals and Sons, 37 Park Row, N. Y. The leading reform advocated is the substitution of a bishop in each Conference for the presiding elders, with a cabinet elected by the Conference to aid him in making out the appointments.

Rev. J. C. Aspinwall, of the West Wisconsin Conference, formerly of the Vermont and Maine Conferences, is making a visit to his Eastern friends, and attends the present session of the New England Conference. His name will be very familiar to many of our older readers in the upper Conferences.

Will our readers please notice the figures on their paper? They indicate the date to which it is paid. They should read January 1, 1881. The amount due can be sent direct to the office of publication, or forwarded by the preacher in charge when he leaves for the Annual Conference.

APPEAL TO THE MAINE CONFERENCE.

In this age of holy emulation in garnishing the sepulchres of the honored dead by blazoning their virtues on chiseled marble and "calling lands and institutions after their own names," there may lurk a danger of "tithing mint, and omitting judgment and mercy, the weightier matters of the law." Mint is an excellent herb. We like it. But so much mint! Faugh! It reminds one of a Shaker pedlar of herbs.

There is danger that in this "hero worship" we shall forget the unsung honors of twosome men and women, among whom still linger some who planted Methodism in the wilds of Maine long time ago. They are still living, in poverty, feeble with age or disease, dependent on charity and the Church, which do not always mean the same thing. Some of these aged toilers followed the "blazed" line through the forests before roads were made, and forded the rivers, sleeping in the open air or in the rude hut of the lumberman or savage. Some twosome there are in

The Family.

THE SAINTED ITINERANT.

BY REV. MARK TRAFFOT, D. D.

[On the presentation of a bust of Rev. A. D. Merrill to the Boston Methodist Preachers' Meeting, March 22, 1880.]

His "counterfeit presentment," full and true,
The well-pleased head, the ample, arching brow.

Even as we saw him in full life, but now,
With chastened sorrow, here again we view.

How strange! But yesterday in the accustomed seat
We saw the well-known form, of all the peer;

Age rose to honor him—the young reverend
The child-like patriarch, of spirit sweet.

Full three score years his prompt response
Among his compeers, as was called his name

On that long roll committed now to fame—
Those "sons of thunder" who the masses stirred.

Those marble lips responsive to that call
Bear the death seal; nor pleading word nor song,

Shall move them more, as in the past so long
Their grand, melodious accents thrilled us all.

O silent marble, speak, for thou canst tell
The mysteries of that being, ours to be;

The glories of that state we may not see,
Till, as for thee, death breaks life's mystic spell.

Ah! me! we speak to silence. Not the love
We for thee cherished; no, nor friendship's charm,

Can the dead sentinel that holds thine ear
Or the dark seal upon those lips remove.

O son of song, whose lip was touched by coal
From God's altar, still the listening ear

Doth catch thy tones; thy presence still is near,
As erst we heard thy liquid numbers roll.

Semblance of what was with us, as we gaze,
Thought spans the four score years that made thy life;

The consecrated power, the earnest strife,
And the loved labors which filled all thy days.

We see thee in thy youth among the hills,
Guiding the plough athwart the fruitful field;

Then to thy thought appears a richer field,
Where human hearts the Christ-called tilled.

We see thee in the field of yellow grain,
The shining sickle, and the heavy sheaves;

There with thy thoughts a lively fancy weaves
Pictures of harvests which yield heavenly gain.

We see thee in the festive halls of gladness,
Leading, thyself, the gay, hilarious band;

And then at midnight, a mysterious hand
Wrote on the wall, "All, all this mirth is madness."

And thou didst listen to the Spirit's call,
And struggled from thy bondage to be free;

Then yielded to the call, "Come unto Me!"
Thy broken heart submitted, yielding all.

Father and mother he forsakes, and home;
Ease, worldly pleasures, all of earthly fame.

His one intent to spread that matchless Name,
Content to seek the lost, o'er earth to roam.

O sainted soul, on hosts of listening ears,
Thy soft, persuasive tones effectual fell;

Dead, thou still speakest; loosened tongues shall tell
His wondrous power to save, through coming years.

Not the cold bust, nor consecrated shrine,
Are wanted here, to keep such memories green;

Through all the ages their life work is seen,
Their image stamped upon the brow of time.

Yet while we gaze upon this speaking bust,
Reviving memories of heroic deeds,

For loftier aims it eloquently pleads,
For purer love, and his unflinching trust.

But it is semblance only; far above
All earthly sorrow our old friend is found;

What he so taught in song, "We're home-ward bound,"
Is reached at last—the quiet sea of love.

When we are dust, and strangers ask his name,
History shall answer, "He was one who loved"

And labored for humanity, unmoved
By fear of man and unshaken by gain."

EXPERIENCE IN STOCKS.

MR. EDITOR: Your pleasant and truthfully-uttered thoughts of "ministers being men with all the human infirmities and susceptibilities to temptation, not even proof without special grace against the speculative possibilities of the stock and mining exchanges," reminds me of once—I am not going to tell you all about it, but your editorial was so painfully true, that I felt as though an honest semi-confession would do my soul good.

Well, it was when our now glorified Brother Haven was pastor of North Russell Street Church, and Wm. Mc. was pastor of Grace Church, that I was in my native city, somewhat flush for a revival itinerant. A certain Brother Winslow S. K. had a Corinth Mining Stock somewhere (I think it was in New Hampshire). He did not care anything about the value of the mine, or the amount that could be made out of it, but he was a Methodist dyed in the wool, and had always been, as were his father and mother before him. That was true, for I knew his parents when they lived in Peru, Maine. Well, he loved Methodist ministers as he did his own flesh and blood; all he wanted was to see them prosper—to see them rich, so that they could do the good their largeness of heart prompted them to do. This seemed to be his ambition—to have the ministers of his own church inheritors of lands and gold and silver

under the land and rocks. This, however, was a copper mine of wealth, if my memory is correct. I have certificates somewhere in my desk that will tell exactly; but never mind, I won't look them up now, for they do not shine in my eyes as they did when first they were made out in my name, the representatives of so much value, just as good as though I had it in my hand. Why, K. would warrant it, if I wanted him to; but the idea of my wishing a member of Grace Church to warrant it! Wasn't his word as good as England's notes? And here were these two worthy brothers both booked for a bigger fortune than I dared to hope for.

But I had made up my mind to dip as deep as I could, and get as big a haul as my financial strength would permit. Magee was on Cornhill then. A few doors below him was a Methodist brother who had some of our economical savings, and what little else I had was, by the counsel of my sagacious half, to be safely deposited in School St. Savings Bank. But what, pray tell me, was that bank compared to this new place of deposit I had found, where, in fact, my little all had begun to draw interest even while I was talking about the *modus operandi* of getting it in? It would come out itself. Bro. K., the member of Bro. Mc.'s church, told me that every one hundred I invested was just as good to me as five. But it wasn't; I never got five dollars—or cents.

But I'm a little fast. Just as soon as I saw the positiveness of Bro. K.'s explanations, and the certainty of the many comforts, and the amount I would be able to give away, I felt that it was folly to delay, for "delays breed remorse." Take thy time while time doth serve thee. Be wise to-day; there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. If I miss this chance, all my future life will abound in shallows. Now the seventh wave is rolling on. Jump! Be still, conscience! Go away, School Street! In goes all that I am the possessor of. Not enough; the brother on Cornhill is visited, and the funds there deposited are withdrawn, with my note, which they said was just as good as cash. (Pity I hadn't given them all notes then!) But the deed was done, the money given, certificates received, and I am home-bound. Poorer or richer? Time will tell.

On my arrival home I at once communicated to my better half the golden prospect, but there was no reciprocation of joyous expectancy; but, on the contrary, a moistening of the eye, and, "You did not put anything in the bank?" "No!" "Well, Charley, you will never see one dollar of that money again." "Oh, you always prophesy evil, you never see the bright side of anything, not even the sun." "Well, if you ever see any bright side to this wild investment, I am mistaken." And, as usual, that wife was right; but for weeks I took pleasure in reading my name as holder of so much right in the *unexpended* stock of Corinth Copper Mining Company. When it expands I hope to be wiser and better. And so I say to all Methodist itinerants who are in haste to be made rich, learn wisdom of those who have suffered, and stick to your prayers and your work, and wealth spiritual, which is infinitely better than mining stocks, will be yours.

A STRANGE LEADING.

BY ELKANOR KIRK.

[Concluded.]
A week after, and Dick Weston was trying his best to secure a position in a New York theatre. It was a difficult undertaking, but at last he succeeded. A few dollars a week and the part of a "sup" was not quite what he expected, but the salary was of small account, for Dick was rich in his own right, and all he could do just then was to learn the business. Dick's first rehearsal was a great trial. The incoherent mumble of words confused him so that he lost his cue entirely, and did not know in the least when it was time to present the salver and card which was his business as a servant to do.

"That isn't your entrance, you blockhead!" shouted the leading man in stentorian tones.

Very meekly Dick presented himself at another wing, and succeeded in working his way across the stage.

"If you don't do that better next Monday night," said the same man with a mocking laugh, "you'll wish you'd never left your father's cabbage-yard."

Dick Weston was a noble-looking fellow, and his eyes, full of their purpose to do and dare, looked steadily into the bleared eyes before him, and something there made the heavy lids drop for a moment, and then the rehearsal proceeded. That evening Dick had something to do behind the scenes, and the old man at the

stage entrance asked him to keep guard of the door while he went out on an errand. So far the novitiate had seen nothing very bad. There was an air of unwholesomeness and unreality about everything, but with the exception of the insulting words received that morning, there had been nothing very unpleasant. Dick sat on a three-legged stool, in a dimly-lighted passage-way, and prayed with all his might. "Oh Lord, let me do something," he said, "to help."

Just then the door opened, and a woman's face appeared at the aperture.

"Do you know whether Mr. Weston is on in this scene?" she inquired.

Dick started. Strangely enough, he had not so far looked at a programme.

"I do not know," he answered, "I will go and see."

"No, thank you," said the newcomer wearily. "I hear his voice. It isn't necessary."

"Won't you go into the green room?" Dick asked politely.

"No, thank you," she answered, searching her companion's face as she did so. "I think you are new here, she went on. 'At least I have never seen you before, and everybody knows me. I generally wait for my husband here.'"

"Is your husband's name Frank Weston?" Dick asked, with a pitiful look at the pale, haggard face before him.

"Yes—Frank," she replied.

"Well, then," said Dick, extending his hand, "then you and I are cousins. My name is Dick Weston, and my father is your husband's own uncle."

"Oh! can it be?" the lady exclaimed with quivering lip. "Oh, can it be? Please go home, my dear boy, to your parents, to your home, to innocence and security. Don't stay here, I implore you. Believe me, it is no place for you."

"I think I was sent here," said Dick, still keeping the hand the trembling woman had given him.

"The Lord will take care of me, so don't worry. I mean to serve Him and obey Him wherever I am."

"Oh! but it will be such hard work," his companion replied.

"What's the good of doing easy things?" said Dick, with a smile. "Tell me something about yourself, won't you, please?"

"You can see it all, I should think," Mrs. Weston answered. "Every night of my life, well or ill, I present myself at this theatre to try and get Frank to go home with me. Sometimes I succeed, and more times I do not. All the money—and it is a good deal—that my husband earns goes for dissipation. I have a little school and manage to earn the commonest necessities of life, of which Frank is often obliged to partake. That is the whole story."

"I guess this is what I came for, after all," said Dick with another radiant smile.

"Oh! but you can't do anything for Frank," said the lady. "Sometimes I don't know if God even has power to reform him."

"That is wrong," said Dick solemnly.

Just then Mrs. Weston, at the sound of her husband's voice, passed on a few steps, and silently awaited his approach.

"Oh! there you are!" said the man who had spoken so insultingly to Dick at rehearsal. "Can't you go with you to-night, Kate. This young man"—looking at his cousin—"will put you in a car all right. Will you oblige me to that extent, sir?" he added politely. "I have to dress now for the last scene."

"If Mrs. Weston will kindly wait a moment till I am relieved here," Dick answered pleasantly, "I shall be very glad to do that or any other service for my cousin's wife."

"What the—" The word did not come as usual. "What do you mean, sir?" the man exclaimed.

"I am Dick Weston, son of Deacon Samuel Weston, of Greenville, and you are Frank Weston, son of my father's brother, Archibald Weston; therefore we are own cousins."

The man with the bloodshot eyes and haggard appearance dropped on to the three-legged stool, and for a moment was silent. Then he said fiercely, "Get out of this as soon as you can! I have ruined the lives of my whole family, and you'll do the same thing. Look at me, and be warned, old fellow. I don't believe you've got a smidge of dramatic ability. You don't look like it; you don't act like it; and what's the use of attempting a role that you're not fitted for? Go home to your father and mother, and tell 'em I sent you. Perhaps the Lord will put that good action to my account. I must go now, or I shall be in time for my scene. Don't sit up for me, Kate, and I'll see you, Dick, after we're through."

Dick escorted his cousin's wife to the car, and promising to call the next day, went back to wait for Frank. Strangely enough, the new "sup" was a restraint upon the "leading man" at once. Dick would not leave his cousin, and Frank would not invite his companion to his old haunts. At twelve o'clock that night Dick Weston left Frank at his own door, after obtaining his promise that he certainly would go directly to bed. For a whole week this sort of thing was kept up, and then there was open rebellion on the part of the elder man.

He declined "to be led round by the nose any longer," and Dick was at his wit's end; but prayer and faith won, as they always do, and Deacon Weston's son was not easily discouraged. The four little Westons were taken care of, and Mrs. Weston was induced to give up her school and rest awhile. In this way the work of reform went on. Dick performed his part as well as he could, determined not to leave the theatre until his cousin was saved, although his short experience had taught him that he had very little talent as an actor. His lukewarmness to the profession he had chosen for himself rather mystified him, but after awhile he came to understand the strange leading, and to know why God had wrought on him in this peculiar way. So the loyal fellow stayed on as "sup" till the summer season, and then his cousin and wife went home with him; Frank entirely cured of his bad habits, and Mrs. Weston the happiest woman in the State. The "fatted calf" was killed, and Frank's father and mother were present at the feast.

"I knew the Lord's hand was in this business," said Mr. Desmond.

"I ought to have known it, but I didn't," said the Deacon plaintively; but a smile lit up his dear old face as he added: "Dick, you know, has decided to go into the real estate business. He found out he wasn't any actor."

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

BY REV. A. A. WRIGHT.

Walk thou in light;
Not where the dawn first tinged with gray
And blushing into red bathes all in light,
Not in such dawns as must set in night,
But where all points are east and God is Day.

Walk in this light.
Walk thou in light;
With whom? With Light himself,—that is with Love;
There is a light more vast than mortal eye,
Where all God's saints keep holy company
And God and saints know not that word "between."

For all is light.
Walk thou in light;
With whom? With Light himself,—that is with Love;
Here can we plain the ethics of sweet Light:
God's Light, God's Love; Light's Love,—
In spite of sight;
The myst'ry's plain to those who walk above
Earth's fiftful light.

Walk thou in light;
Yea, thou! Let nature loathe the pitborn dark;
Where trach'ry crawls in peace, Love's sun grown dim;
Thus fellowship thou'lt be by seraphim
Whose eyes shall see in thee no ev'ny spark
Blaspheming light.

Walk thou in light;
Thus know the music God has planned to be
Within us tarrying 'mid these dims of time;
God's planned one symphony—"tis we who chime."
Earth's discords from God's bells of harmony
Hung in heaven's light.

Walk thou in light;
Thus know the myst'ries of all time and space—
The cause, the causeless, and the being man;
Thus read where secrets are not known,
God's plan
In alphas and omegas of great grace
All writ in light.

Walk thou in light;
What bliss! to see eternally fair joys
And quality of meaning blushing through
All thou hast done for God or planned to do,
While Christ weighs plan and deed with equal poise,
What blissful light!

"I GATHER THEM IN."

BY E. R. S.

"There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between."

This industrious and indefatigable laborer is known to all classes and conditions of the human family. His mandate is inexorable, his decree inevitable. His word is never recalled, nor his sentence commuted. All know him, for his visage is unmistakable. For his conscription there is no substitute. "For what man is he that liveth and shall not see death?" "Shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave?" Many laborers, in these stringent times, are willing to accept "half-pay."

"Hard times" and the pressure of circumstances frequently have a mellowing influence upon the hearts of other laborers, but upon this heart—never! With him there is no compromise. This relentless Reaper de-

mands all, and the best, from the aged sire drawing near to the close of life, down to the infant cradle. His price is exorbitant and indisputable. None successfully contest his claims or question his challenge.

But how differently the challenged receive the verdict, "Man dieth and wasteth away." The Christian accepts it, saying, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!" To the unconquered Reaper brings a death-warrant which he reluctantly signs, and goes like a quarry-slave at night scourged to his dungeon.

"Sweet is the scene when virtue dies,
When slinks a righteous soul to rest;
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breath."

"The ungodly are not so." "The light of the wicked shall be put out, and the sparks of his fire shall not shine." "The light shall be dark in his tabernacle and his candle shall be put out with him."

"O Lord, teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom;" for are not my days few? "Yea, man giveth up the ghost and where is he? He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." Our life is as a "vapour" which appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away. "Tis like a tale that is quickly told. 'Tis like the weaver's shuttle. 'Tis as the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cut down. 'Tis like the flower whose opening petals receive the kiss of rosy morn, and at evening is withered. We are but of yesterday, and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow. Let us, then, be wise. Let us be instructed. Serve the Lord with fear and trembling. Blessed are all they who shall be found waiting!

Wilbraham.

The Little Folks.

CHESTER'S TROUBLE.

"Poor fellow!" said Nurse Perkins, and she took up the corner of her apron and wiped away a tear. "He just lies and cries half the time; I do feel so sorry for him."

"But he isn't in pain now," said the doctor. "I don't understand what so many tears are for; that isn't like a boy. His foot is gone, to be sure, but he is getting well, and will soon be able to travel about on crutches. Boys generally spring right up from such troubles."

Nurse Perkins shook her head. "He doesn't," she said. "I try all I can to make him comfortable, and he is real patient—never gives a bit of trouble; and when I ask him if his limb pains he says 'No, ma'am.' But, for all that, I hardly ever look his way, that there are not tears on his face."

"It must be something else that is troubling him," the doctor said. Then he went to his bed-side and nurse followed; and little Jeanie, who wondered if he cried because he lost a foot, slipped her hand into her mother's and went along.

"Come, my boy," said the doctor, "it is time you cheered up. It won't do to mope because you have lost a foot. You must just make the other foot and the hands, and brain, work the harder. You are getting well fast, and in a little time you will learn to walk almost as fast on one foot as you did on two."

"It is not that," he said, sadly, his lip quivering. "I can't help thinking that it is my own fault that I lost my foot. If I had done just as mother said, I would not have got into that scrape and hurt it; and now mother is dead, and I can never tell her that I am sorry."—*Baptist Weekly.*

AN APPEAL.

MR. EDITOR: During the two last summers I have for the most of the time during the hottest weather resided at the foot of the Black Mountain at the head of the North Fork of Swannano, North Carolina, at which place there are about eleven families. Usually, once in two months some Methodist comes to their log school-house and talks to them. Nearly every Sabbath the children assemble to what they call a Sabbath-school, not having over five books. Most of the time is devoted to singing. The people are very poor and unable to purchase books for them. Now there are hundreds of books in our families that have been read, and which would be a rare treat and give impetus to the work of our Master and serve to educate them for a better work. Who will try and furnish the hungry? I will give ten volumes. Their P. O. address is Grey Eagle, Buncombe County, N. C. S. P. MAYBERRY, Cape Elizabeth, Me.

A SUGGESTION.
As a delegate elect to the Electoral Conference of Laymen, about to assemble in Boston, in conjunction with the N. E. Conference, I desire to call attention to the question of the limitations of pastoralates as to time, in our churches; and suggest (if it may be within the province of the convention) the consideration of extension of pastoral service to the maximum of six years.

Winthrop, Mass. S. INGALLS, M. D.

BE WARM HEARTED.

Don't let me get soured with life. It does not mend matters for us, and it makes us very disagreeable to others. If we have had misfortunes, we are not alone. The world is not all sunshine to anybody. We love the fresh, light-hearted laugh of a child. Why not keep it ourselves in after years? Does groaning ease any burdens? We love the hope and faith of children. Are we any better off if we have allowed them to slip from us? We love the ardent and nat-

ural enthusiasm of children. Are we any wiser if we have covered up all the impulse and warm feeling of our nature, so that the world knows only a cold, calm exterior? We know a woman who has lost all her property, though once very rich, nearly all her friends by death, has her hands so cramped by rheumatism that she has been unable to use them for years, and yet she is full of sunshine, and thanks God every day for the great enjoyment she finds in life. We know another who, in the midst of luxury, wishes she had not been born, and some others almost wish she had not. Not least of all shall we have to give account in the judgment as to what manner of spirit we have possessed.—*Congregationalist.*

For Young and Old.

Only Fun.

.... The way to get over a culinary difficulty is to Bridget.

.... Female Dentistry: "It's nearly out, but my wrist is so tired that I must really rest a bit."

.... "Aunt, what makes de little baby cry so? De it want is mudder?" "Yes, dear, and de toddler, too."

.... A familiar instance of color-blindness is that of a man taking a brown silk umbrella and leaving a green gingham in its place.

.... See that your collar button is secure before you leave home in the morning; else you will find your choler rising before night.

.... Aunt, is it proper to say "this ere," "that ere," "why, of course not." "Well, I don't know whether it is proper to say it or not, but I feel cold in this ear from that air."

.... A certain young woman, named Hannah, slipped down on a piece of banana.

.... "Did you fall, ma'am?" he cried; "And more stars spide!"

.... Then belong to the star spangled banner.

.... A gentleman sprang to assist her, and picked up her muff and her basket; "Did you fall, ma'am?" he cried; "And more stars spide!"

.... "I sat down for the fun of it, Mister?"

.... A person meeting an old man with silver hair, and a very black, lumpy beard, asked him "how it happened that his beard was not so gray as the hair on his head?"

.... "Because," said the old gentleman, "it's twenty years younger."

.... Minister: "Sorry I never see you at church, sir. As a leading man in the parish, you ought to be one of the pillars." "Man?"

.... "Well, at all events, if I'm not a pillar I'm one of the buttresses—always to be found outside, you know."

.... A farmer calling at the Treasury Office in Washington, to invest in Government bonds, the clerk asked what denomination he wanted.

.... "Well," said he, after reflecting a minute, "I'm a Presbyterian and I take some of that sort; but, to please the old woman, you may give me a right smart lot of the Hardshell Baptist kind."

.... "Boy," said a gentleman to the hostler of a hotel, on alighting from his place, "extricate that quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, donate him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment, and when the aura of morning shall again illuminate the oriental horizon I will award thee a pecuniary compensation for thine admirable hospitality."

.... "You are an ojus, hidjus idjit, my dear," said a playful mamma to her daughter at dancing school the other day. "Oh, my dear Mrs. —," sighed one of her neighbors, "what wouldn't I give to have your knowledge of Latin!"

.... A correspondent writes: "Our little three-year-old niece is very fond of 'golden texts,' as she calls them, and when her mother drops from her lips when they are very amusing. Being busy one day, her mamma said to her, 'Winnie, go in the other room and stay there till I can find some of the golden texts, I'll see you in a minute, and be thou there, till I bring thee word again!'"

.... Practice in life whatever you pray for, and God will give it you more abundantly, Dr. Pusey.

.... There is no worship where there is no joy. For worship is something more than either the fear of God or the love of Him. It is delight in Him.—*F. W. Faber.*

.... Go and tell Jesus. In His wisdom He will give you the peace of mind, the peace of soul, the peace of heart, the peace of life.

.... Ask, and His Love shall pour on passions the oil of peace.

.... Death to a good man is but passing through a dark entry, out of one little dusky room in his father's house into another that is fair and large, lightsome and glorious, and divinely entertaining.—*Adam Clarke.*

.... We cannot hasten Christ's coming. Of the day and the hour of His return, but the kingdom of God is as a grain of mustard seed; we can sow it; it is as a foam globe of heaven; we can mingle it; and its glory and its joy are that even the blindest of rit air can lodge in the branches thereof.—*John Ruskin.*

.... I sought the Lord, and afterward I knew He moved my soul to it who sought for me; it was not I that found, O Searcher true!

.... No, I was found of Thee. Thou didst reach forth Thy hand and mine enfold;

.... I walked, and sank not on the storm-tossed sea; But not so much that I on Thee took hold.

Will the readers of the **HERALD** make this offer known to those who are not subscribers?

—o—

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